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# BROADCASTERS VICTORY COUNCIL

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

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## NEW TUBES FOR OLD \*\*

There is cause for radiodom to rejoice at the recently approved plan of the War Production Board whereby the broadcasters of America may secure vital replacements needed to keep their transmitters hale and fit and doing a vigorous war job for the nation.

If your reserve tube and equipment supply slumps below the quota set forth in the FCC's Standards of Good Engineering Practice, here's what you now may do. First of all, try to secure whatever you need on the basis of the blanket 3-A priority which has been accorded the broadcast industry. But if this doesn't work, there is no longer cause to munch your fingernails in despair. Just obtain a certain form known as "PD-1A" from your nearest regional office of the WPB. Mark on its heading, and on the outside of the envelope, "Classification 11-20". Fill out the blank neatly and mail to the War Production Board, 2202 New Post Office Building, Washington, D. C.

The WPB will scan your request for replacements and, if all seems in order, the approval may come back to you in as short a time as 24 hours. It's been known to happen. We understand that as many as 25 to 50 such requests are being handled daily by the WPB.

One more point. When getting replacement tubes which have a rated plated dissipation of 100 watts or more, you have to return the worn-out bottle to the manufacturer from whom you purchase the new one. Every bit helps the salvage drives, and vacuum tubes have intricate insides, some of which can be used over.

## THE CHAIRMAN CONTINUES \*\*

In case you haven't already heard, the U. S. Senate gave its official confirmation yesterday afternoon (June 29) to the re-appointment of James Lawrence Fly as Chairman of the FCC for another term. It amounts, of course, to a vote of confidence by the Administration for Mr. Fly's work as head of the Commission during the past three years.

He also continues, by virtue of his re-appointment, as chairman of the Board of War Communications - the new name given by Presidential proclamation to designate the group previously known as the Defense Communications Board.

The BVC, on behalf of the broadcasting industry, takes this opportunity to extend congratulations to Chairman Fly upon the continuation of his important and difficult duties.

## CHANGE OF NOMENCLATURE \*\*

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United



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States," begins Executive Order 9183, "it is hereby ordered that...."

And so, in such fashion, Franklin D. Roosevelt changed the name of the Defense Communications Board, originally established on September 24, 1940 when America was treading water cautiously to keep itself out of the war. The new name, more appropriate to the functions that the group now performs, is "Board of War Communications" - hereinafter referred to as the BWC, and not to be confused with BVC.

Members of the Board and work of the Board remain the same. The change merely took place to secure a more fitting title, in step with the grimmer tempo of these grimmer times. Please revise your files of alphabetical agencies accordingly.

#### RADIO AND THE FLAG \*\*

A little high-octane thinking of the variety that broadcasters have been implored to show is evident in a recent idea, born to one Jerry Belcher of WCKY, Cincinnati, and aimed at stimulating local civilian morale. The same theme can be employed by any station in any town. All you need is a flagpole in a central square, and the co-operation of the civic fathers.

Flags, as you know, are carefully lowered every night before sundown. Technically, in best military parlance, this is called "retreat". It ranks as a time-honored ceremony - but WCKY thought it ought to be more than a ceremony. Today, every American has reason to halt a few valuable seconds once each day and think about what the flag means as a symbol of our democracy and all the gigantic things we are doing to preserve it. "Retreat" seemed the ideal opportunity for this brief reflection.

But first of all, WCKY dismissed the word "retreat" as having bad psychological possibilities. Instead, "Call to Colors" has been substituted, since the bugler plays this while the flag is being lowered. Each evening at 6 o'clock a color guard, supplied by either the Navy or Marines, appears at the flagpole on Fountain Square in the center of downtown Cincinnati. All traffic lights go red. Every auto, trolley, bus and pedestrian in the vicinity halts at attention while the flag flutters down the mast.

The whole ceremony takes only 40 seconds. A loudspeaker overlooking the square gives preliminary announcements, voiced from WCKY's studios. The ritual is heard daily by radio listeners throughout the Cincinnati area over WCKY and WCPO.

It's a grand idea, and not a little thing. The city government, of course, has co-operated whole-heartedly and Major James Stewart (no movie star, he) either will issue, or already has, a proclamation asking the good citizenry of Cincinnati to take part in the nightly "Call to the Colors."

#### HOW TO BE A GLIDER-RIDER \*\*

Last weekend the Army pinned a pair of silver wings, with the letter "G" across them, on a young man who is the first of Uncle Sam's new "Winged Commandos". He's the first of 1,000 new pilots who will fly a fleet of gliders for the Army Air Corps.





The news that the Air Corps wants to train glider pilots will probably come as a surprise to most of the folks back home. If they haven't been following the papers closely, they may even ask, "Lands Sake, what for?" Well, the answer is written in the skies above Crete and a few other places that the Nazis took because they had a new trump card up their sleeves. It probably will be bigger and more boldly written in the skies above Europe when the second front breaks forth. Troop-carrying gliders are a new way of bringing war to your enemy's front yard. Obviously the U. S. and British High Commands intend to do just that.

This makes another recruiting drive that broadcasters can play up. Trained glider pilots will officially be known as Winged Commandos. They must be "tough, self-reliant men on whom a terrific responsibility devolves." Right at the moment the training course is open to citizens, 18 to 36, who can pass an Army physical and who hold a pilot certificate of private grade or better; also to former aviation cadets who completed at least 50 hours of flying time, solo or dual, at an Army, Navy or Marine flying school; and to Army men who have been pilots in civilian life or have undergone powered plane training.

All candidates should first contact the nearest CAA office to secure a certificate of qualifications which, in turn, must be presented to an Army recruiting station. The training course lasts eight weeks. Incidentally, the CAA is also giving a novice course to persons who cannot immediately qualify through previous experience for the Army training.

Stations are hereby urged to co-operate with this drive to the fullest of their availabilities. Further information and facts suitable for building pertinent shows about the Winged Commandos may be had by contacting Fred Hamlin, Acting Director of Information and Statistics, Civil Aeronautics Administration, Room 5221, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. Better use a large envelope - it's a long address.

#### THE FIGHTING COAST GUARD \*\*

We need no better proof of the U. S. Coast Guard's importance than to read news dispatches of the past few days. America has a long and often lonely shoreline with empty beaches where Axis submarines can disgorge all manner of spies and agents into our midst. It was only a single Coast Guard patrolman, from all indications, who upset a Nazi plan which might have ended in much death and destruction.

The Coast Guard, these days, is poorly named. It does much more than guard the coast. Its ships are on the high seas, convoying to Ireland, Australia and other places we aren't entitled yet to know about. Its rescue work continues, more needed than ever because of the torpedoing of merchant vessels and the increased patrol duty that the submarine peril demands.

The U. S. Coast Guard has recently boosted its enlisted personnel tremendously. By consequence, the commissioned ranks must be equally increased to the extent of 400% - so that there may be a competent staff of officers to command these new men. Radio has been asked to push the recruiting drive.

Candidates must be between 20 and 30 years old and U. S. citizens, able to pass physical qualifications which are virtually the same as for the



Naval Reserve. Three months training will be given prior to commissioning as ensigns. You can get further details from your nearest Coast Guard Recruiting Station, or through Captain Ellis Reed-Hill, U. S. Coast Guard, 1300 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Lest you misunderstand, the Coast Guard is under the jurisdiction of the Navy and definitely one of our fighting forces. We can think of few enterprises more deserving at this time of your assistance.

#### THE SCHICKELGRUBER SAGA, PART II \*

The bees came swarming out of the hive after our mention, last week, of the possible wisdom in calling a spade a spade and a Hitler a Schickelgruber. Seems the idea is not so dowsy fresh as one might think. Quite a few stations have handled Mr. Hitler by applying his original generic handle, and to telling effect.

Our patent leather laurel wreath, however, goes to WREN in Lawrence, Kansas, for an original and clever little ditty titled "Uncle Sam Will Shackle Schickelgruber" which is sung with delightful frequency over that station's kilocycles. Vorl Bratten, WREN general manager, writes that "the song has not been published but if broadcasters feel that it would be of any value to them, I will make arrangements to see that they get a copy. Having written the number myself, I can assure all concerned that there is no copyright restriction."

From WMMN's program director, Jon Arthur, we learn: "Thought you'd be interested to know that even since before Pearl Harbor, Hitler has been known by a pet name to WMMN audiences. On many programs (other than newscasts) I just called him 'Stinky'. You'd be surprised how it caught on!"

Of course, in the midst of all this frolic about the right name for the world's Most Hated Man, it's well to blow a sobering note on our brazen trumpet. The war isn't going to be won by vituperation, and name-calling is a Nazi stock-in-trade. The main thing radio can do in this respect is to deflate any possible awe in the public mind over this self-appointed god of the German people. He's a funny little mug in an unhumorous way, and should be a fair target for the ridicule of free people who can't be buffaloed by his kind of psychological hocus-pocus, and besides, his name is Schickelgruber.

#### A BETTER WORD, PLEASE \*\*

There's a lot in how you say things, particularly when using a double-jointed language like English where frequently a word can ostensibly mean one thing and at the same time imply something you don't mean at all. We hear tell that outside of Russian and a few hill-billy African dialects, there's nothing quite so irregular and unruly of rules as English.

That's why we're taking as the text for our miniature sermon today the word invasion. An "invasion" is what we'd like to accomplish on the European mainland. Newscasters and commentators talk freely of an "invasion" to create a second front, and an "invasion" to free the conquered people of Europe.

Mobbo so. But our pocket dictionary defines "invasion" as the act of





making a hostile inroad on a country, encroaching on its rights. It implies, somehow, a definite theft of territory and overlooks blandly the main purpose of such an offensive - to free and restore territory to the people who rightfully own it. When used in connection with a fight for freedom, the term "invasion" has a strange and nazified sound. It tars us with the same brush that the Axis has used to tar itself with.

#### AND ANOTHER THING \*\*

While we're on the subject, here's another suggestion about the way radio (and the press) sometimes phrases things. America is a partner in the United Nations. America is fighting for the same objectives as Russia, Britain, China and 22 other liberty-loving nations. The victories of one are the victories of all. If we are to share the peace, we must also share the fortunes of war. And that goes for defeats too.

There's a trend, alas, that makes Americans cheer loudly for our side when the Russians shollack the Germans or the British send a thousand planes over Germany. The United Nations' stock goes up then. But when somebody loses a battle - like Tobruk, for example - the comments come out of the other side of the mouth. The "we" suddenly vanishes, and becomes "they". The British lose Tobruk, and suddenly its their defeat alone and nothing of ours.

That's not very sound logic. Where the blame for Tobruk rests is not the immediate issue. It was a loss for all United Nations, and that includes our country as well. It should make us more determined to win. It may discourage us; it should certainly alarm us. But this is no time to lean distantly back and say, "well, well, so the British lost Tobruk....."

Let's be consistent. If we're going to stand as a group of United Nations, dedicated to an identical purpose, then we've got to start accepting the "we" philosophy and bury our you-fight-your-battles-and-we'll-fight-ours attitude. It's dangerous business. We commend its consequences to the careful consideration of your news commentators.

#### FOR THE INDUSTRY'S SAKE \*\*

It's hard, we know, to be vigilant day after day, scrupulously avoiding any and all boners that might bring unfavorable comment down upon the tousled head of broadcasting. Every now and then, however, a lily-dilly will slip in that sends some production man home with high-speed chills and fever. The fact that those mishaps still occur even when handling the volatile messages and obligations that the nation's war effort imposes on broadcasting is proof enough that our carefulness is not always careful enough.

We're thinking at the moment of one of New York's biggest stations which prides itself on a reputation for public service, and yet executed last Sunday morning, one of the neatest, more negligent boners we've heard on the big-time in many a full moon. The station was presenting a transcribed re-broadcast of a special morale-building show that had originally been heard one week before. Dead in the middle, during an orchestral selection, an agitated announcer broke in to read a news flash....something about a Japanese submarine shelling Vancouver Island.

One week before, during the original broadcast, that had been hot news.





Repeated, via the transcription, it was at best confusing and, under different circumstances, might have brought unfortunate repercussions. Obviously some production man was negligent. Someone never ~~checked~~ the transcription. A hasty explanation fifteen minutes later frankly admitted the error. But there should never have been such an error.

When you're handling explosive stuff like today's war news, you simply can't be careless. We've said it before many times. We keep on saying it. Broadcasting has to watch its step. In this serious business, one good stumble, just one, is all that we need to make.....

A MAN FOR YOUR MICROPHONE \*\*

We hear tell from the Radio Division of the new Office of War Information - the same good people who comprised the Radio Division of the erstwhile Office of Facts and Figures - that there's a certain Bernard Newman roaming the American countryside, lecturing and narrating expertly on topics such as Britain at war, the workings of espionage, American troops in North Ireland, Hitler over Europe, and matters like that. Newman is a Briton and an author. He was with the BEF in France, is an expert on the fifth column, and reputedly a good speaker. Also, he's amenable to making talks over radio stations in cities on his itinerary.

We've therefore been asked to suggest that, if he comes into your territory, maybe he'd be a good man to put on the air. For free, as we understand it. Right at the moment he's heading westward and was last heard from around Kansas City. You can get more details, even contact him in advance, through The British Press Service, 1317 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.



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